

**MARVEL
COMICS**

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!



**OCT
#2**

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

GAMBIT

**JANSON
KAVANAGH
MACKIE**

**BATTLING
HIS INNER
DEMONS**



DIRECT EDITION
00211
59606 03633 2
\$2.50 US \$3.50 CAN

A
I KNOW
DIS
PLACE.

SOME-
WHERE
'TWEEN
LIGHT AN'
DARK.
LIFE AN'
DEATH.

AND
SINKIN'
FAST.
NO AIR...

LOSIN'
BLOOD
FROM DE
BULLET
WOUNDS,
BREAT'
FROM MY
LUNGS.

NO
AIR, NO
AIR...

CAN'T
EVEN TELL
UP FROM
DOWN NO
MORE,
TOP FROM
BOT'OM.

NO
AIRNO
AIRNOAIR
NOAIR
NO --





AIR...?!

AN' A GRAVE WIT' MY NAME ON IT...?!

DE NAME I WAS CHRISTENED, MORE LIKE...

...WHEN DE THIEVES GUILD TOOK ME OFF DE STREETS O' NEW ORLEANS.

A TERRY KAVANAGH
in cahoots with
HOWARD MACKIE
Writer

A KLAUS JANSON
Artist

A CHAISTIE SCHEELE
Colonel
RICHARD STARKINGS & COMPANY
Letterer
KELLY CORVSE
Editor
BOB HARRIS
Editor in Chief



BUT REMY LeBEAU IS GONE NOW.
LONG GONE.

NOT QUITE DEAD, I 'SPECT...
...BUT BURIED.

BURIED DEEP.
AN' GAMBIT AIN'T DE SAME MAN AT ALL.

DON' HARDLY NEED T' LOOK NOW...
...T'KNOW WHO DE REST O' DESE STONES BELONG TO, EIT'ER...

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

SHADOW RISE

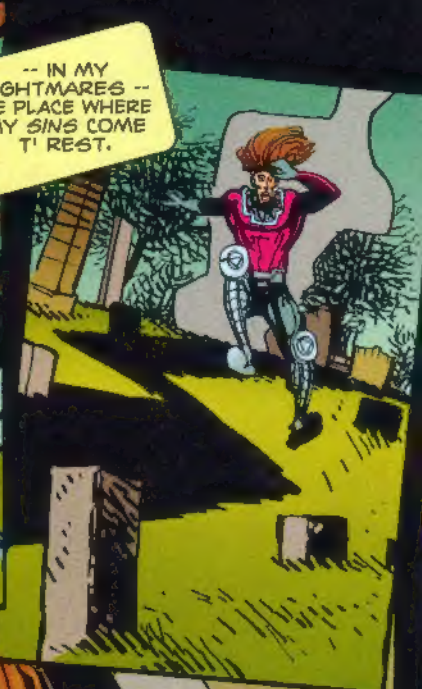


NOT
'GAIN.

BEEN T'
DIS PLACE
SO MANY
TIMES
A'READY,
OVER AND
OVER 'GAIN,
IN MY
MIND --



-- IN MY
NIGHTMARES --
DE PLACE WHERE
MY SINS COME
T' REST.



COLD,
SILENT...
ENDLESS.

ALWAYS TOO
DARK T' FIND
MY WAY, NEVER
DARK 'NOUGH
T' HIDE.

CAN'T KEEP
RUNNIN' T'ROUGH
SHADOWS NO
MORE... GETTIN'
NOWHERE FASTER
AN' FASTER.



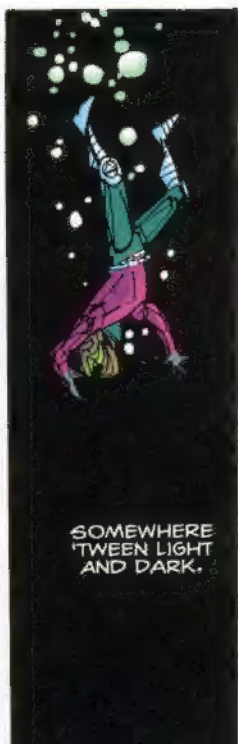
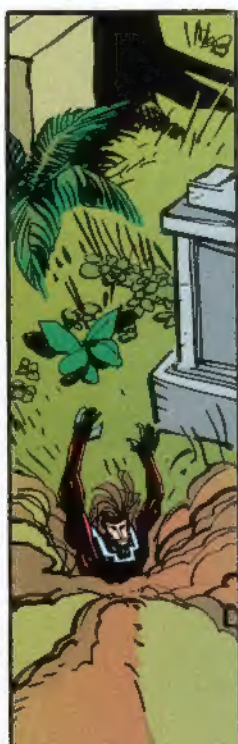
NOT WHEN
I GOT DE
POWER --
I GOT DE
LIGHT...

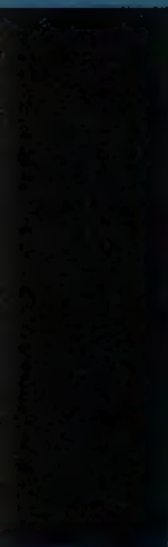
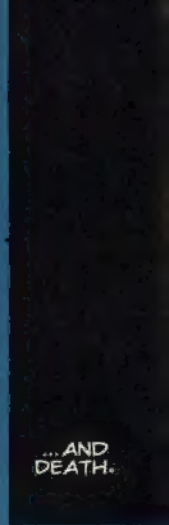
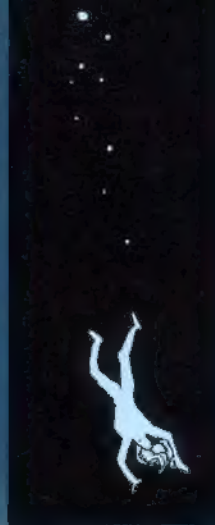
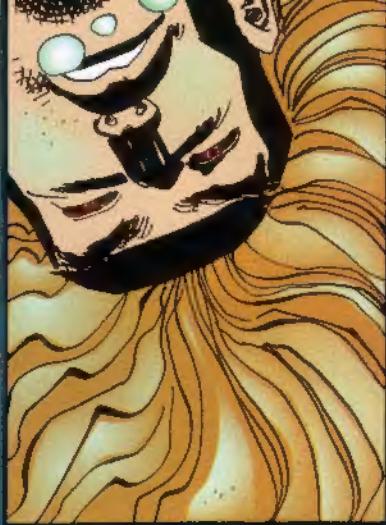
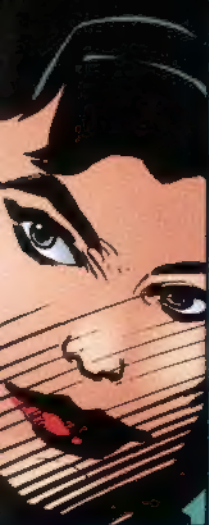


CHK



DIS IS
HELL.





AN' DEN
DERE'S
MIAMI.
MIAMI
BEACH,
RIGHT
WHERE I
LEFT IT.

AN' TANTE
MATTE, 'GAIN --
STILL WALKIN'
ON AIR --

RESPIRA,
L'OMO...
...RESPIRA!



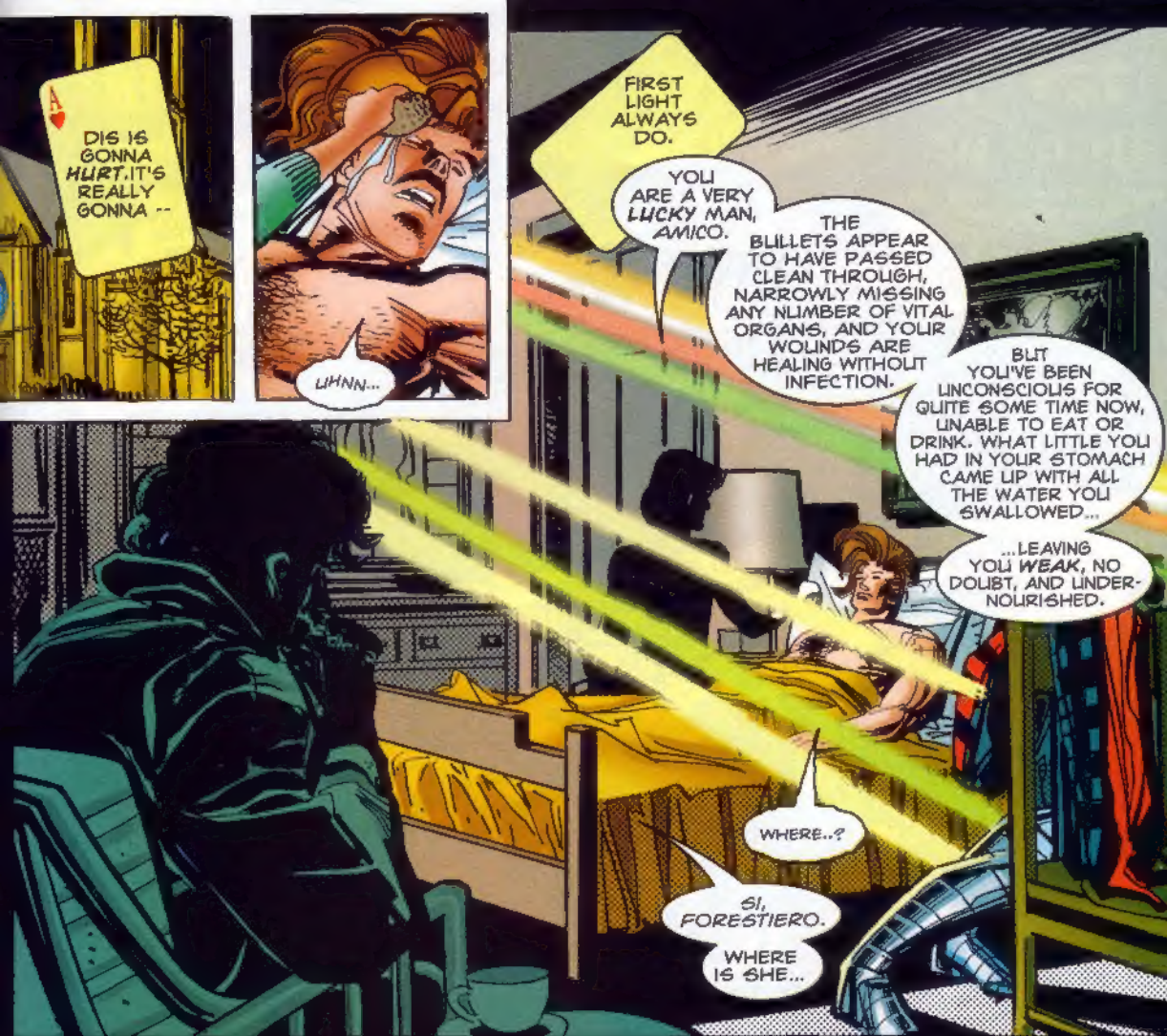
-- WIT' A
BRAND-
NEW
LAP-DOG
ON HER
LEASH
NOW.

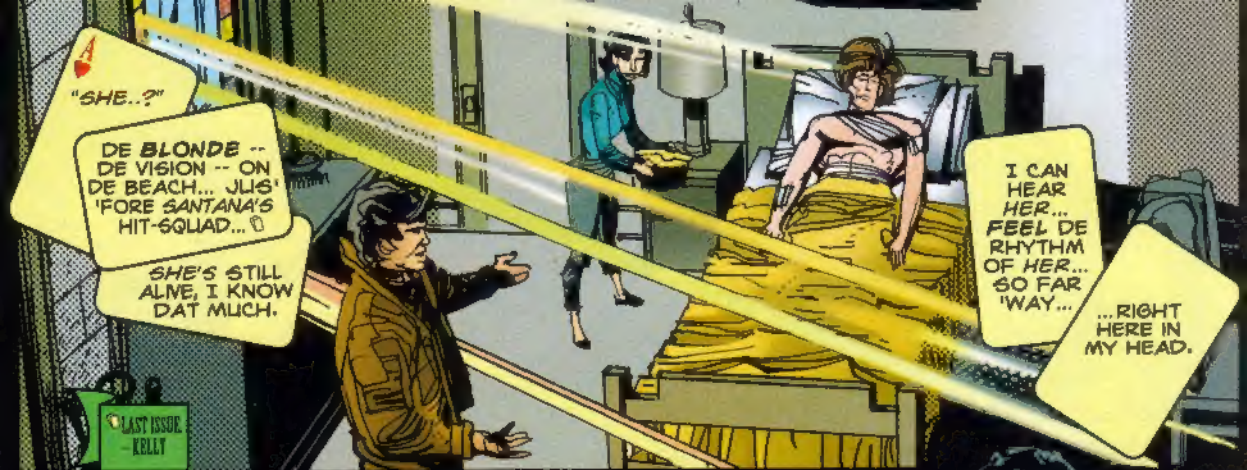
STRONG
HANDS,
POWERFUL
LUNGS.

ITALIAN, A
PARTICULARLY
GOOD YEAR, IF
I'M NOT
MISTAKEN.

AN' ME,
WIT' OUT
EVEN A
BREAT' MINT.







"SHE..?"

DE BLONDE --
DE VISION -- ON
DE BEACH... JULI'S
'FORE SANTANA'S
HIT-SQUAD... 0

SHE'S STILL
ALIVE, I KNOW
DAT MUCH.

I CAN
HEAR
HER...
FEEL DE
RHYTHM
OF HER...
SO FAR
'WAY...

...RIGHT
HERE IN
MY HEAD.

LAST ISSUE
- KELLY



HER
SONG.

YOUR
BEDSIDE MANNER
NEEDS WORK,
DOC.

I
T'INK I
LIKED IT BETTER
WHEN YOU
WERE KISSIN'
ME.

<I WAS
PERFORMING
C.P.R.>

<OF
COURSE,
BROTHER
MARCELO, OF
COURSE...>

TRANSLATED FROM ITALIAN BY
THE SICILIAN - KELLY CORVSE.



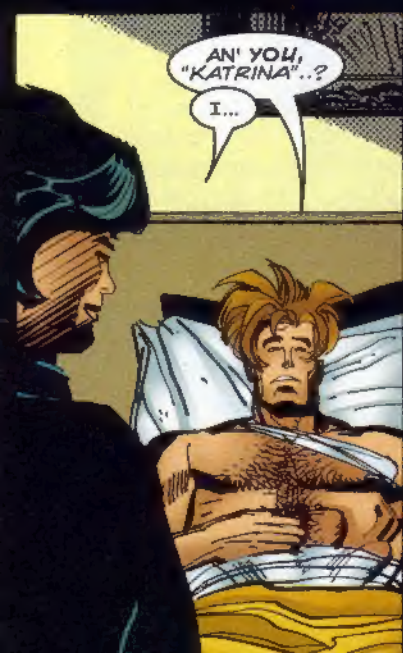
...BUT OUR GUEST NEEDS
HIS REST NOW. SOME
TIME TO GATHER HIS
STRENGTH BEFORE
WE--

Oh,
"BROTHER"...



...DON'T
DAT EXPLAIN
DE SELF-
RIGHTEOUS
'TUDE.

<FAITHLESS.>





NO
WORD
YET

SEARCH
THE STREETS
OURSELVES

STILL
NEEDS OUR
HELP

MISSION
IS OUR
PRIORITY

WE
NEED HIM
AS MUCH AS
HE NEEDS
US

MORE
AT STAKE
THAN YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND

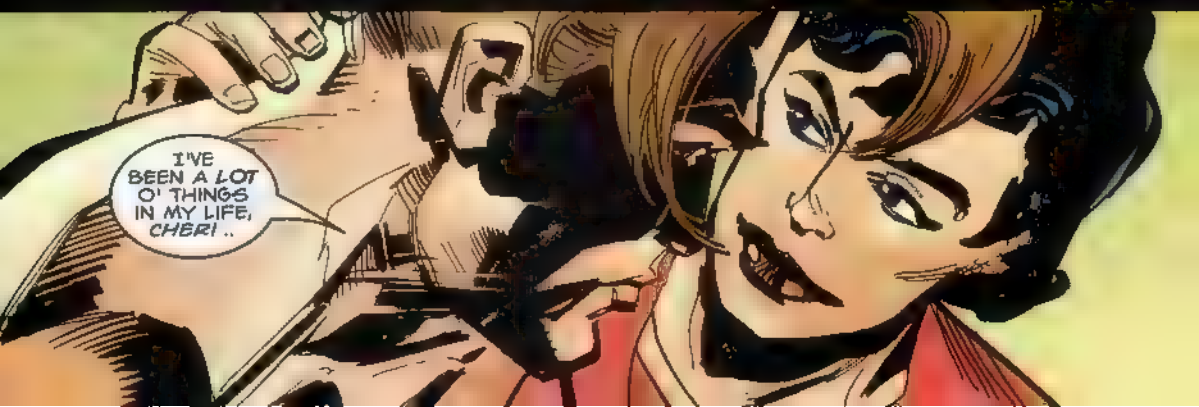
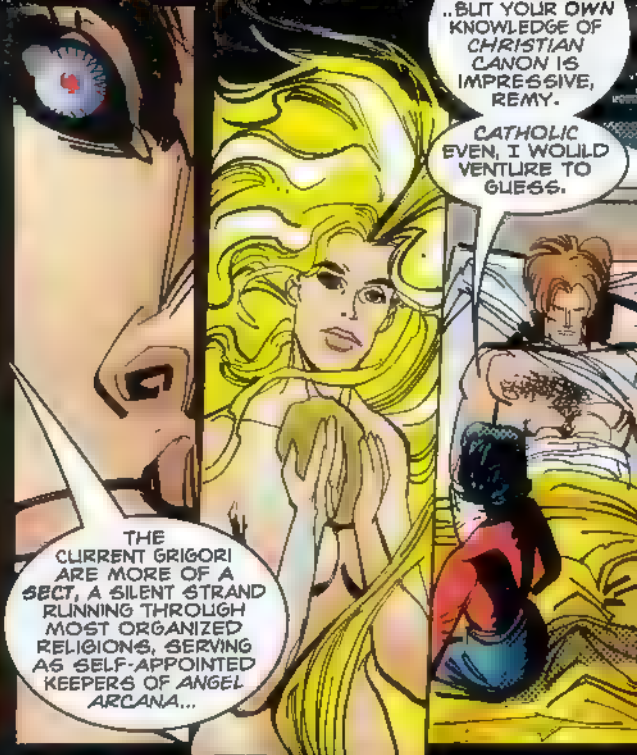


WHERE..?

OUR
LADY OF
SORROWS.

A
VATICAN
SAFEHOUSE,
IF YOU
WILL.

YOU'RE
NOT WELL, MR.
LEBEAU, YOUR
BODY NEEDS
REFUELING. THE
FEVER'S FINALLY
BROKEN, BUT YOUR
TEMPERATURE'S
STILL RUNNING
WILD; FROM
HOT TO COLD
TO --





"...ENOUGH T'KNOW YOU
DON' GOT T'BE AN ANGEL
T'FALL FROM GRACE."



NOTHING.

THIRTY-SIX
HOURS STRAIGHT
OF NOTHING.

WITHOUT
'TRINA, IT TAKES
ME TWICE AS LONG
TO COVER HALF
AS...

THE
DOOR TO THE
STRANGER'S
ROOM... WHY
WOULD IT
BE --



HELP
Y'..?



POOM

NOT
SO FAR.
WHERE IS
KATRINA?



LATE F'R HER
"DEVOTIONALS"
IF DAT MEANS
ANYTING T'YA.
BACK IN HER
ROOM BY
NOW.

TELL
Y' DE TRUT',
MARC...



...I'M
MORE
INTERESTED
IN ANIELLE
MYSELF.



HANABEL --?
PRINCE OF THE
CHOIR OF
VIRTUES...

...YOU'RE
CLAIMING THE
DISPUTED ARCHANGEL
HIMSELF IS THE ONE
WHO'S COME AMONG
US?

ANIELLE.



HER NAME IS ANIELLE,
ALTAR BOY, AND I'M
NOT CLAIMIN' --

IRRELEVANT.

IT'S A
TITLE, MEANING
"GRACE OF GOD",
AND IN BEINGS OF
THEIR ORDER,
SEX IS HARDLY
A...



..HARDLY
A...



HOW
COULD YOU
DO THIS,
LeBEAU --?



-- TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF A
LONELY VILLAGE INNOCENT
WITH NO EXPERIENCE, NO
DEFENSES, SO FAR FROM
THE WORLD SHE KNOWS?
WHAT KIND OF MAN
SEDUCES A YOUNG
NOVITIATE...

... ONLY
WEEKS FROM
HER FINAL
VOWS?!

"NOVITIATE"...?

"VOWS"...?!

KATRINA'S A
NUN --?!

A
BUT I
JUST...
SHE
NEVER...
SACRE.

WE
HAVE NO
TIME FOR THIS,
AMERICAN.

OTHER
FORCES, ANCIENT
ENEMIES, HAVE
BEEN GATHERING
SINCE.

CH BOOM





SINCE YOU AND YOURS FIRST CRAWLED FROM THE MUD AT YOUR FEET. MONK. BUT THE END IS UPON US.

URK-

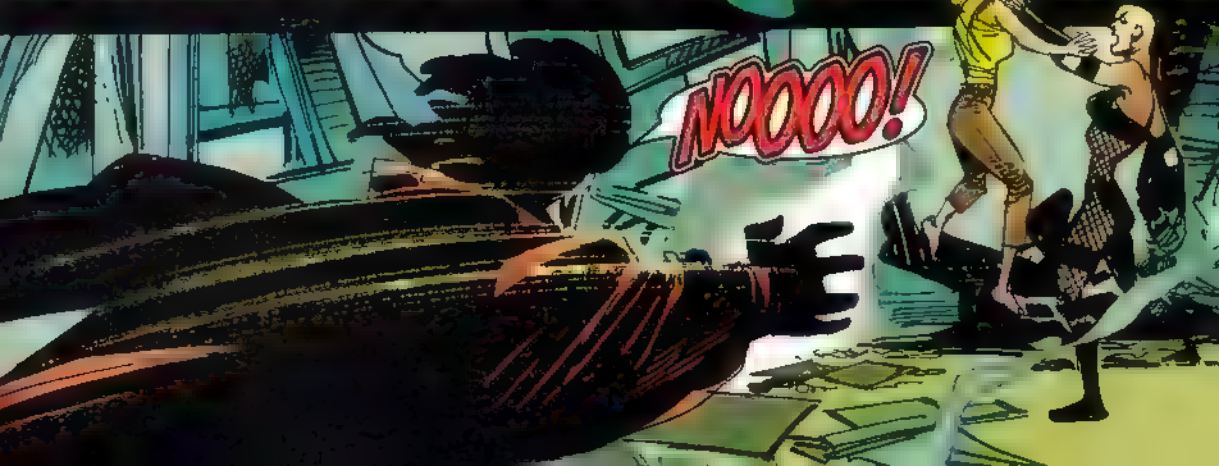
FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD THAT ANSWERS TO YOUR CALL NOW, TWO DOZEN MORE BELONG TO US, AND THE JUST-FALLEN BURNS LIKE A CANDLE IN THEIR SHADOWS..

ON THESE VERY PREMISES.

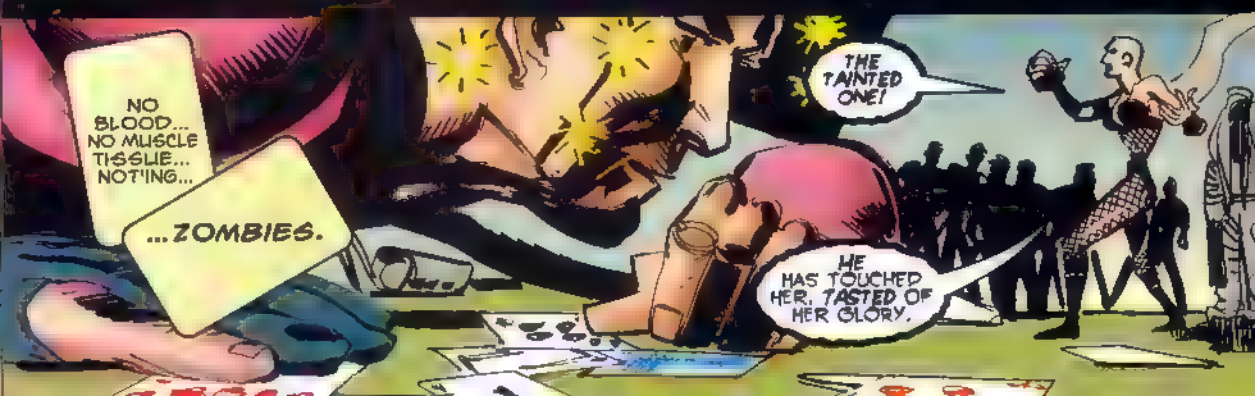
IT YOU VALUE THE SOFT, PINK SKIN OF THIS WRIGGLING WORM -- KATRINA, I BELIEVE IT WAS --

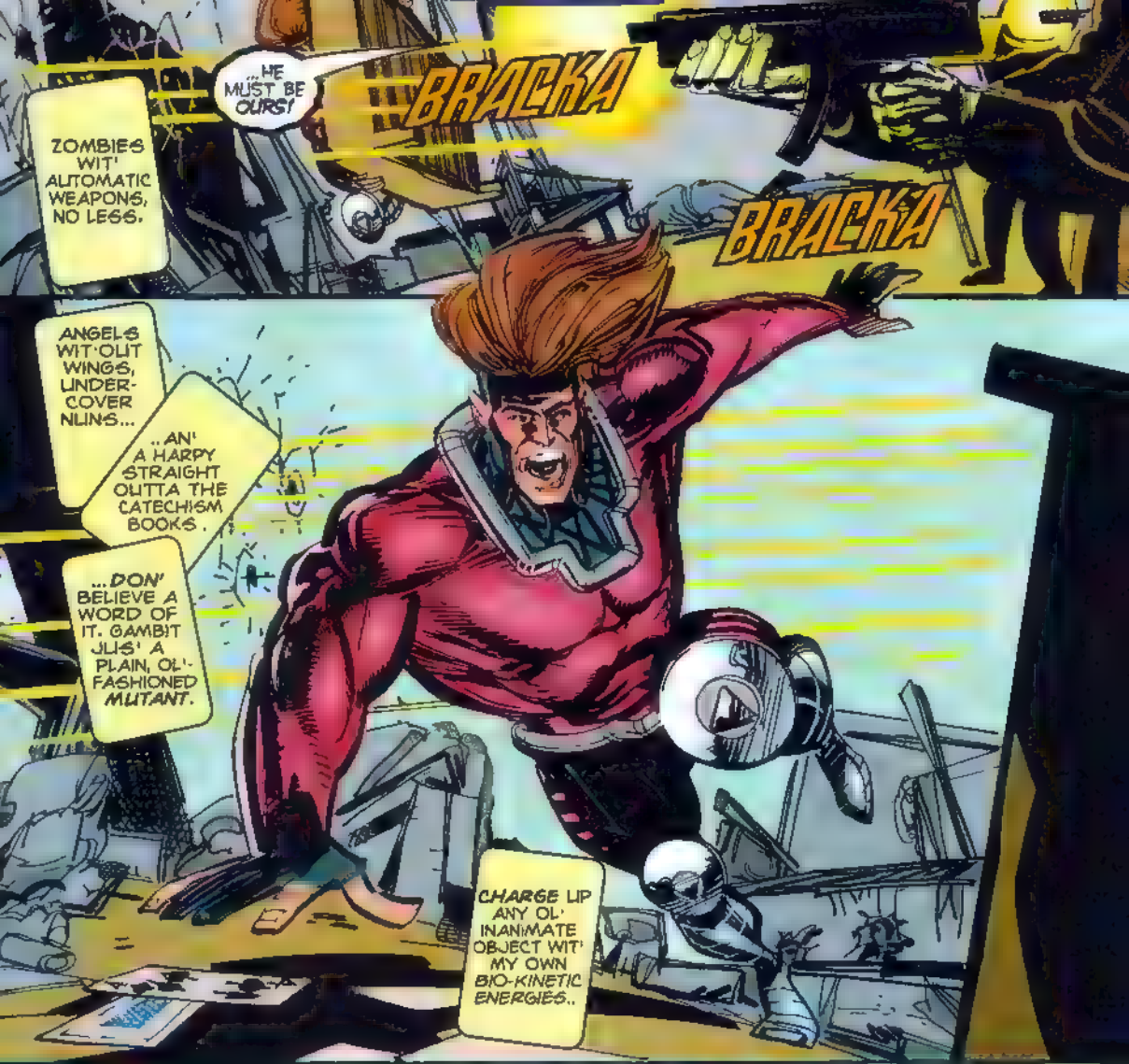
-- YOU WILL DELIVER THE HEAVEN-WENCH TO SYBL--

SCION OF STOKER AND LAILAH. SERAPH OF THE NIGHT. GRANDSCION OF RAZIEL AND BELETH. FIRST OF THE PIT. AND SHAITAN AND MOLOCH. LAST OF GEHENNA. GREAT-GRANDSCION OF RUDIGER AND...



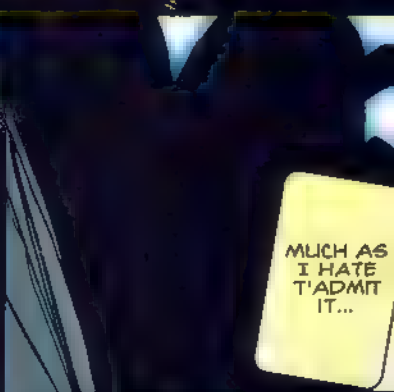
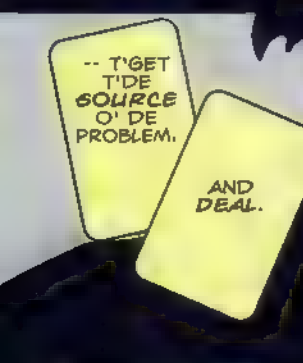
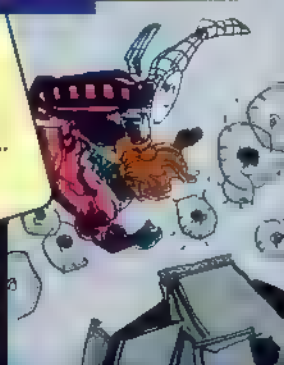
NOOOO!







KEEP
IT UP,
NON-
STOP...







A NOT'ING LEFT O'DE ZOMBIES BLIT PUDDLES BY DE TIME I BOLTED...

...AN' KAT WAS 'READY STIRRIN' -- BLIT MARCELO...

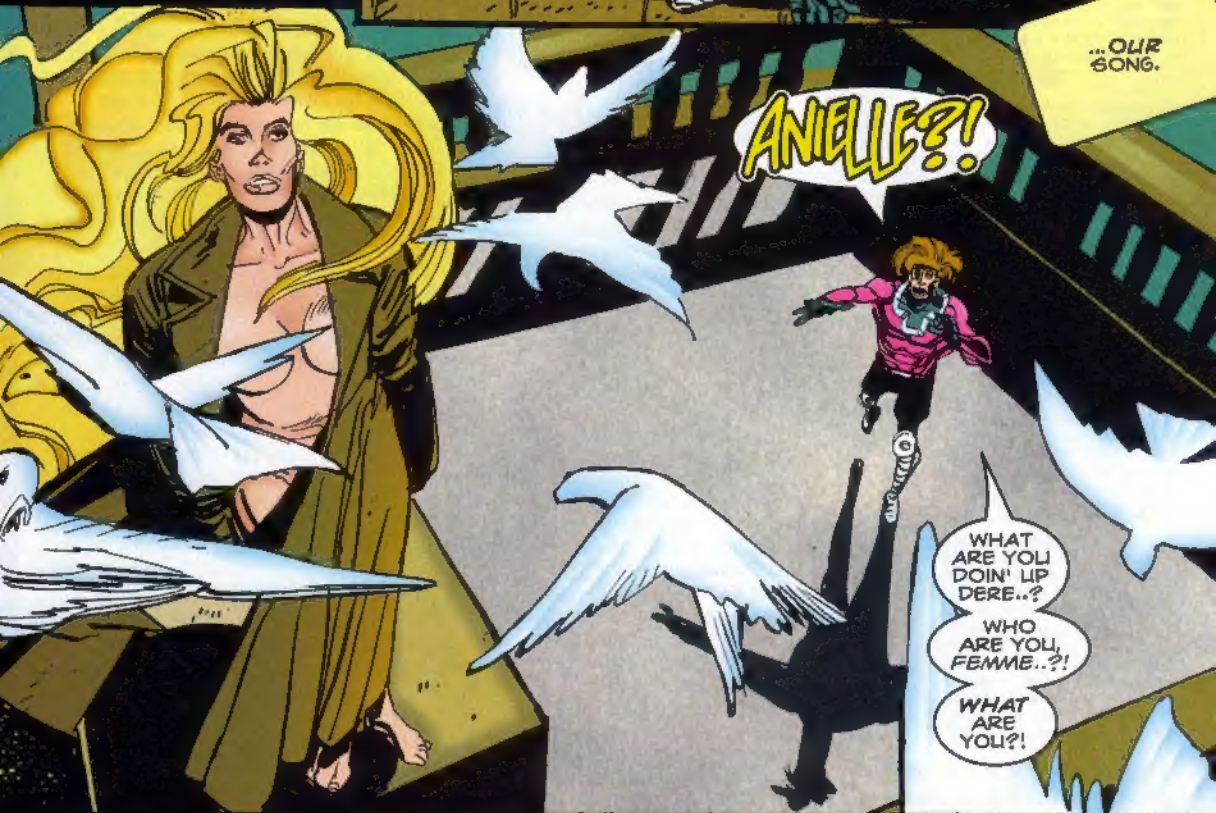
ONLY T'ING I CAN DO FOR HIM NOW IS REACH ANIELLE.

'FORE SYBIL DO.

SOON AS DAT WITCH LET SLIP DAT ANIELLE WAS IN DE NEIGHBORHOOD...

... I KNEW I'D FIND HER BY FOLLOWIN' HER SONG...

... OUR SONG.

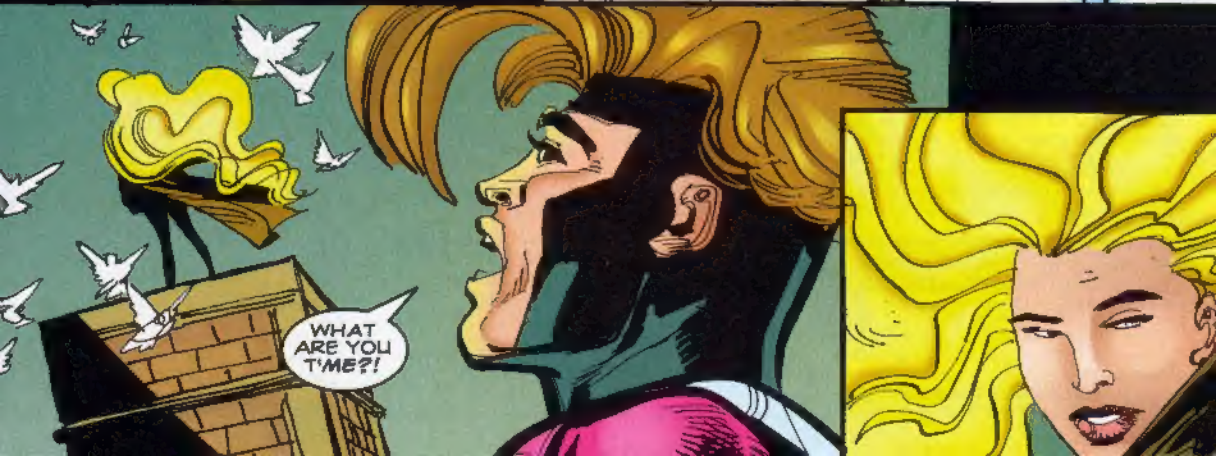


ANIELLE?!

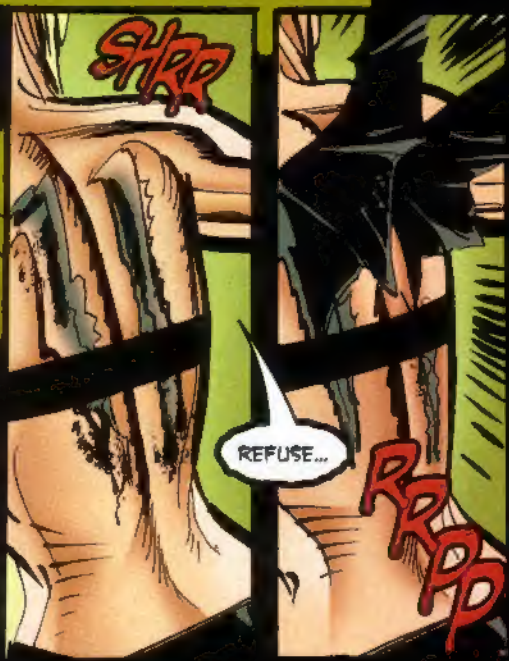
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' UP DERE..?

WHO ARE YOU, FEMME..?!

WHAT ARE YOU?!



WHAT ARE YOU T'IME?!





USED MY
DISTRACTION,
MY BLIND FEARS
FOR ANIELLE,
T' TRICK ME INT'
EXPOSIN' HER.

PLAYED ME LIKE
AN AMATEUR
AT MY OWN
GAME.



A CON
GAME.

I'M
EXHAUSTED,
MORE DAN A
LITTLE CONFUSED,
AN' OFFICIALLY
OUTTA OPTIONS.



RLINNIN'
ON A
WING AND
A PRAYER.

WHUD



'SCUSE DE
INTRUSION,
SISTER.

BUT
WE GOT A
MONKEY ON OUR
BACKS WIT' A
PARTICULARLY
NASTY TASTE FOR
BLOOD, AN' YOU
NEED T'B GETTING
OUT O' HERE
'FORE --

WE
ARE SAFE,
FOR THE
MOMENT.

THE
CHURCH IS
A SANCTUARY
FROM DEMONS
OF EVERY
KIND.



I WISH. ALMOS'
SOUND LIKE
SYBIL'S SCREECHIN'
IS RETREATIN'
SOME NOW, BUT...

YOU
DON' SEEM
T' UNDERSTAND,
NONNE --

ON THE
CONTRARY.



I SUSPECT I
UNDERSTAND FAR
MORE ABOUT
THE FORCES AT
WORK HERE THAN
YOU DO, SIGNORE
LEBEAU.



NOT
NEAR ENOUGH,
I FEAR.

CHOON



IF
YOU MISTAKENLY
ASSUMED THE
DYING BROTHER
SPOKE IN
METAPHOR, YOUNG
KATRINA...

...OLIVIER
STOKER, AT YOUR
SERVICE.

N E X T:
VATICAN
CITY OR
BUST!